

NEWS THAT
COMMENT
THAT NEWS

The Star-Bulletin's Page of Sport

Edited by
LAURENCE
REDINGTON

CORNELL CLUB TRACK MEET IS ANNEXED BY KAM

Games Are a Success From
Every Angle—Punahou
Is Second

CORNELL TRACK MEAT

Kamehameha 23 1/2 points.
Punahou 65 1/2 points.
Mills 20 points.
St. Louis 23 points.
College of Hawaii 0 points.

The Cornell Club track meet, which was held at Kamehameha field Saturday afternoon, proved a big success from every angle. Kamehameha, with a big lead in points obtained in the cross country race the week before, proved the winner by a comfortable margin.

100-yard dash—Gay (P.), first; Hila (K.), second; Fernandez (S. L.), third; Dower (K.), fourth. Time, 0:10 3-5.

Pole vault—Lindley (P.), first; De la Nux (K.), second; Hila (K.), third; Brown (P.), tied for third. Distance, 10 feet 5 inches.

One mile relay—Punahou, first; Kamehameha, second; Mills, third; St. Louis, fourth. Time, 3:39 4-5.

Broad jump—Lindley (P.), first; M. Fernandez (S. L.), second; Austin (P.), third; F. Fernandez (S. L.), fourth.

220-yard hurdles—Dower (K.), first; Gay (P.), second; Kim Wai (P.), third; Gasper (S. L.), fourth. Time, 0:28.

Shotput—Kafkaka (K.), first; H. Bertelmann (K.), second; Gay (P.), third; Emo (K.), fourth. Distance, 42 feet 2 inches.

Four-mile relay—Kamehameha, first; Mills, second; St. Louis, third; Punahou, fourth.

High jump—Lindley (P.), first; De la Nux (K.), second; Hila (K.), third; Christian (S. L.), fourth. Distance, 5 feet 6 1/2 inches.

Two-mile relay—Kamehameha, first; Punahou, second; St. Louis, third; Mills, fourth. Time, 9 minutes 21 4-5 seconds.

Half-mile relay—Kamehameha, first; Mills, second; Punahou, third; St. Louis, fourth.

SAWED OFF SHORT

The Johnson-Willard fight will be pulled off in Havana the first week in April.

Theatricals 5, Kalmukis 6; Makikis 12, Donnas 11. These scores represented good baseball by the Midwinter League yesterday afternoon at Athletic Park. Attendance small.

Although entries for the A. A. U. track meet, scheduled for next Saturday, were filed last Saturday evening, the list is not final as yet, as several of the entries have been protested. The committee will hold a meeting probably today.

Kahanamoku swam a dead heat with N. Hay of New South Wales in the 100 meter championship at Melbourne, February 14. The men covered the distance in 1:01 2-5. Kahanamoku, Cunha and Hay were one-two-three in the 100-yard event.

Domingo Renta, who was leading in the Vanderbilt cup race when the Star-Bulletin went to press last Saturday, won the contest, covering the 250 miles in 4:27:37. He drove the same Peugeot car in which he won the Grand Prix the week before.

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ALERTS TAKE ODD GAME FROM THE 2ND INFANTRY PLAYERS

SERVICE BASKETBALL LEAGUE.

	W.	L.	Pct.
National Guard	10	2	.833
2nd Infantry	10	3	.769
Alerts	10	3	.769
Department Hospital	7	6	.538
Engineers	7	7	.500
Fort De Russy	6	7	.462
Signal Corps	2	10	.167
Fort Armstrong	0	14	.000

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Dept. Hospital 49, Fort Armstrong 4.
Alerts 28, 2nd Infantry 12 (exhibition).

The scheduled game between the National Guard and Fort De Russy was not played yesterday, the guardsmen being ordered out for drill and an exhibition game between the Alerts and the 2nd Infantry was substituted. Each team has defeated the other in the regular series and the players were keen to play off the rubber.

Lieuts. Calder and Greene of the 2nd Infantry played on the team for the first time, and this introduction of new players did not improve the combination work of the team. In the first half the doughboys could score only two points to the sailors' 23. Ensign Wills, the former Annapolis star, was in rare form yesterday, shooting baskets from all sorts of positions and distances.

The regular league game between Fort Armstrong and the Department Hospital went to the latter team, by the one-sided score of 49 to 4.

Thursday night the 2nd Infantry plays the National Guard, while the Alerts meet the Signal Corps. The race between the three leading teams is very close, and there is the possibility of either a double or a triple tie. Should the National Guard win both games, they will win the championship by a full game, and should they win one and lose one the worst they could get would be a tie for first place. Both the 2nd Infantry and the Alerts have to win their remaining game to figure.

HONS AND COLTS IN GREAT RACE ON THE ALLEYS

Y. M. C. A. BOWLING STANDINGS.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Honolulu	15	3	.833
Chamberlain's Colts	15	3	.833
P. B. C.	10	8	.556
Signal Corps	7	11	.389
Cosmos	5	13	.277
Coast Defense	2	16	.111

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE.
Tonight—Honolulu vs. Signal Corps.
Wednesday—Chamberlain's Colts vs. Cosmos.
Thursday—P. B. C. vs. Coast Defense.

CLUB LEAGUE.
Tomorrow—West End vs. P. B. C. The Y. M. C. A. bowling league race is a warm one with the Honolulu and Chamberlain's Colts having a neck-and-neck struggle for the lead. Tomorrow the Honolulu tackle the Signal Corps. Both teams will have their best men in the line-up and a close match is promised.

Captain Leslie Scott of the Honolulu will have as his co-worker W. Williams, James Winne, George Mills, Harold Gear, C. A. Franz and C. C. Clark. The Signal Corps will use S. G. McCutchen, George C. Reed, Andrew Mosley, A. A. Ackerman, Edward D. Easter and F. J. Smith.

2D INFANTRY CONCERT.

Albert Jacobsen, chief musician, has arranged an elaborate program for the concert to be given tonight in the Fort Shafter auditorium, as follows:
March—Triumph of True Tones.... Smith
Overture—Nabuccodonosor.... Verdi
Selection—The Yankee Consul.... Robyn
Waltz—Gold and Silver.... Lehman
One-step—The Wooden-Legged Sailor.... Holiday
The aerodrome orchestra will also play during the evening, the following program being arranged by Director Francis Leigh:
Fox Trot—View Hall.... Morse
Overture—The Fairy Glen....
..... Schlegel
Two-step—You're My Baby.... Ayer
Waltz—The Garden of Roses.... Schmidt
Barcarolle—Tales of Hoffman.... Offenbach
Selection—Remick's Hits.... Lampe
Two-step—Sail On, Silvery Moon.... Erdmann
Rag—The Gambler's Gambol.... Grooms
Polonaise—Militaire.... Chopin
One-step—When It's Apple Blossom....
Time in Normandy.... Gumble
Waltz—Artist's Life.... Strauss
Two-step—Shamrock Belles.... Wenrich
Patrol—Guard Mount.... Ellenberg

Deacon Skinner—Well, our pastor received a call to a church in Oshkosh and says he'll go there. Deacon Grabber—Huh! That's what comes of raising his salary last year. He's saved up enough for railroad tickets.—Dallas News.

CORBETT'S HOPE HAS EXPERIENCE IN ROPED ARENA

Former Champion Spoke Well
of His Man While in Honolulu Recently

When Jim Corbett was in Honolulu a couple of weeks ago en route to Australia he had in tow his new white hope, Tom Cowler. In conversation with sporting men here Corbett expressed the opinion that Cowler was the real thing and that when he returned from the antipodes he would be ready to fight his way to the top of the heavyweight division. Certainly Cowler has the size and the weight to clean up in the ring. The Englishman is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches in height and weighs 220 pounds.

"I first met Cowler about a month ago, when he called on me at the stage door of Panage's theater, in Portland, Ore.," said Corbett in discussing his new fighter. "He asked me if I would look him over, as he wanted to learn more about boxing and believed I could teach him. His manner of talking and his actions impressed me favorably, and it is no new matter for me to talk with aspiring heavies. Believe me, I have met them by the score since Jeffries' defeat by Johnson, of all shapes and sizes, weights and peculiarities. One or two of the more prominent of those now before the public asked me to take them in charge several years ago, but none looked good enough in the crude state to warrant giving up my time and attention in an attempt to develop them. Their present standing in pugilism is proof that I made no mistake in passing them up."

"I took Cowler to a gymnasium in Portland and gave him a tryout. And in spite of what those who may imagine I am as a boxer may say or think, it was a good workout. And this youngster, although very crude in the matter of boxing, made a hit with all those present by his actions and style and willingness and quickness to learn. I lost no time signing a contract to take him with me on my Australian trip."

"Cowler is no raw novice, as he has been fighting about two years in England and Canada—in fact, he has boxed with such men as Bombardier Wells, Frank Moran, Ian Hague, George Rodel, Denver Ed Martin and others of more or less notoriety. Cowler boxed the Bombardier, when a raw beginner, an eight round no decision exhibition. He lost to Frank Moran in seven rounds on a foul. He knocked out Rodel in six, Ian Hague in eight and Denver Ed Martin in two rounds. So it is not exactly a raw recruit that I have taken hold of."

"I believe that he is one of the hardest natural hitters I have ever met. His blows apparently carry the weight of a pile-driver. But at present he is too aggressive. He has been told in what little instruction he has picked up here and there to keep on top of his man all the time. Which is good advice at times, but not all the time. I will devote my time to teaching him how to manage himself in the ring, when to cut loose and when to stand off. I will not attempt to teach him any method of boxing which will deprive him of his wonderful hitting power, for that is a natural asset which will win many battles for him in the future."

"Cowler doesn't appear to need so very much to cope with his rivals in the heavyweight division. A little more experience, coupled with the systematic course of boxing lessons and conditioning I will give him, ought to make him fit to face the best in the game in a year from now—and with every chance for success."

Huggins Gets Many Passes.
Miller Huggins led in "watchful waiting" in the National league with 105 passes.

PHOENIX MINSTREL SHOW ENTERTAINS

Minstrel days were revived in twentieth century style at Phoenix hall Saturday night when the members of the Honolulu lodge of Phoenix blacked their faces and vied with a score of vaudeville amateurs in giving a high-class entertainment.

R. P. Burns sang "Back to Carolina and You" in approved fashion and later followed with a sither solo. Edith Kibling showed how she thought the Spanish fandango should be performed and scored a hit. A. K. Arnold brought down the applause of the house in his song rendition "When You Were a Tulip."

Miss Hollis Hughes, the junior member of the Alpin Musical Comedy Company, danced and sang. The Seale brothers wrestled. Frank Dunwell, O. S. Weltzel and W. L. Warren assisted in the program with good numbers. Lorrie Andrews acted as interlocutor of the minstrel show. A dance followed the entertainment.

The Cincinnati, Lebanon & Northern Railway Co. increased its capital from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000.

BASEBALL MANAGERS ARE NERVIEST OF GAMBLERS

BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON.

Probably baseball owners are the biggest gamblers in the world when it comes to taking chances with their money. I heard a man who had been a big plunger on the racetrack all his life say once:

"I'll go against the horses any time, but I am not enough of a gambler to want to own a ball club."

When Comiskey paid in the vicinity of \$50,000 for "Eddie" Collins recently and signed him to a contract to cover a period of five years, he was really gambling that Collins would draw on an average of at least a thousand extra fans to his ball park every day who would not have come otherwise. Collins has to bring this many spectators in order to permit Comiskey to set his actual outlay back within the five years covered by his contract. I don't think Collins himself will draw this number of spectators, but, if his playing puts the team up in the race or wins a pennant for Comiskey the club will probably draw many times this number in addition to the regular patronage.

Comiskey Should Insure Collins.

If Collins should be hurt in the first game of the season or if he should be sick and out of it most of the season, Comiskey would still have his money invested. If Collins should be killed or die before the beginning of the season the purchase price would be gone—a dead loss. Of course, the Old Roman may have some insurance on his star for accident, health, etc. In fact, I should think he would have, but he will, in this way, be forced to lay out a considerable sum in addition to the original amount invested for premiums on the policies.

When Comiskey took his club west on his special for the spring training a couple of years ago he had insurance on every man on the team. This was to protect a valuable baseball property in case of a train wreck, but I have not heard of Comiskey placing any insurance on Collins so far in spite of the big gamble he has taken.

Other clubs have taken nearly as big risks as Comiskey has in the case of Collins. When the Giants bought Marquard in 1908 Mr. Brush paid \$11,000 for the big left-hander. For two years he was carried on the club and drew his salary without being of any real value. Then he came strong in 1911 and 1912, just when McGraw needed him most with the possible exception of the autumn when he broke in.

If Marquard could have shown anything in the closing weeks of the 1908 race we would have won the championship that year, but a young pitcher just breaking in could not be expected to do anything so early. In fact, as has been told so often, McGraw was opposed to starting Marquard at all that fall, and the fact that Marquard went into the box in that fatal game against Cincinnati was only due to the urging of Mr. Brush. The pitchers on the Giants were all in from the hard campaign and Mr. Brush argued that Rube was a big, husky young fellow and that he might save the flag. McGraw knew that he was risking ruining the expensive

southpaw when he sent him to the box, and told Mr. Brush so.

Giants Win With Marquard.
But the Giants were finally a big financial winner on Marquard, for I don't believe the club would have won the championship in either 1911 or 1912 without his splendid pitching. In 1911 Rube stepped into the breach in July, just when it looked as if they had us on the run, and he pitched high-class ball up to the end of the race. The next season he came with his 19 straight, and we needed those 19 straight before the championship was decided.

Previous to 1911 Marquard pitched only one real game for the New York club, and behind this game is a story with which few fans are familiar. The Rube went into the box against the Cubs one day in 1909 and he beat the strong Chicago team, having good control and all sorts of stuff. Chance went crazy over the work of the left-hander and hunted up McGraw that night. In spite of the intense rivalry between Chance and McGraw, these two enemies on the field used to meet frequently after the games and eat together. During the afternoon they had called each other all sorts of names and had not exchanged a kind word or a friendly one. But once out of their uniforms they were friends.

Chance Wants to Buy Rube.
"Mac," said Chance to McGraw the night after Marquard had shown his good game against the Cubs, "I will make you a trade for Marquard. I'll give you two or three players for him. Tinker says he couldn't even see what the big Rube was pitching out there today, and you can't hit what you can't see."

"Not a chance, Frank," answered McGraw. "I am nursing him for myself."

Then almost two years passed before Marquard showed another flash, and, in the meantime, Chance gave McGraw many a dig to "kid" him on his refusal to trade Marquard.

"I'll make a deal with you for Marquard now," said Chance on one occasion. "I've got an old bat bag you can have for him."

"You'll want that left-hander yet," answered McGraw.
From that time, "Mac" was determined to hang on to Rube, if it was just to show Chance that he could make a pitcher out of him. Nothing would have made McGraw let loose of Marquard after that, for once the manager of the Giants gets his neck bowed and set to do something there is no changing him. And, as I have said, Rube made good for the club and was really responsible for the winning of two of the championships. He made much more than his purchase price and salary amounted to, but it took nerve for Mack to stick through those barren two years. Baseball owners and managers must have even more nerve than gamblers.

"Why don't you move into more comfortable quarters, old man?" "I can't even pay rent on this miserable hole." "Well, since you can't pay rent why not get something better?"—St. Louis Times.

A Spin Around the Exposition Course With a Racing Driver

Billy Carlson, the racing driver who finished fifth in the Vanderbilt cup event over the Panama-Pacific exposition course last Saturday in a Harrow Special, gave a graphic description of a round of the course some days prior to the race. Predicting that records would be smashed in both the Vanderbilt and the Grand Prix, Carlson writes as follows:

The reader of this prediction will understand thoroughly what this means if, in imagination, he will consent to be my mechanic for a round of the course as it will be on race day, and as I believe he would ride it in competition.

Imagine It's Race Day.
We're at the start!

Two by two, the cars in front of us are getting the word and whizzing away at 30-second intervals.

As each pair leaves we move slowly forward. Above the roar of the exhausts we can hear the crowd of 25,000 persons in the mammoth stand cheering its favorites.

We reach the line and Starter Wagner begins counting the seconds in my ear.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven"—he tells them off till, at his word "Go!" he slaps me on the back and we're off.

One jump we make in low gear, the second, and we're rolling at 60 when I shift into high. Almost before we know it we leave the clay of the mile track home stretch, drop five or six feet on an easy incline and find ourselves in the asphalt.

We're doing 80 when I shut off momentarily for a quick jog around "Junction Curve" that takes us into the first long straightaway. More than a mile it stretches out in front of us, as we tear into it.

The First Straightaway.
Up to 80 again—90, a 100 and 105!

This is surely rolling. The palms along the beautiful asphalt street look to us like an unbroken wall of green. Our exhaust bellows back at us from the great buildings. The jewels on the big tower honor us with a special glitter of their rainbow-hued bangles. We seem to be running squarely into

a building in front of us, but just as collision seems certain, I shut off the power and apply the brakes.

Be careful, you—don't leave your seat and bump your nose on the cow! We're only using a city block to slow down from our awful speed to about 45 miles an hour in the first right-angled turn.

We may take a good slide as we go around but there is plenty of room so we straighten away and are hitting 90 before we have to slow down again to do the same thing over again at the first turn homeward—another out, square to the left and not so broad as its mate.

Dodging the "Bowman."
As before, we shift gears and leap into our speed again, making a quick dodge around the tall shaft carrying the "Adventurous Bowman."

Perhaps that 105 didn't seem quite fast enough for you a few seconds ago. Very well, hold on tight for we're on the fastest part of the whole course. Our speedometer shows better than 110, and from now on, we're on as fine a surface as a motor car could ask, and it's just a bit down grade. Take a good breath; you'll need it. See that dial! Yes, 125; that's it. Now look out!

Bing! Feel that rise? Why our car is aviating! Four wheels off the ground then; some chance for the snap-shot boys! We've taken the five-foot rise that brings us back to the track again and we've landed square in the middle of the back stretch, all intact. Some bump? Oh! Don't worry. It takes more than that to give a pause to our Maxwell.

Around the mile track turn and coming to the grand stand, we have to be content with 70 miles an hour. As we pass that stand we can see people waving their hands. We catch a signal from our pit that we've reached the lap at 84. Some of the others are probably going just as fast.

Now 99 Times More.
Now settle down to the steady grind of it for we're going to do the same thing over again just 99 times more.

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